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A
SHORT ACCOUNT
OF
MRS. ELIZA ATMORE,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE

August 22, 1794.

TO WHICH ARE SUBJOINED SOME OF HER

LETTERS.

K

BY C. ATMORE, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

"THAT YE BE NOT SLOTHFUL, BUT FOLLOWERS OF THEM,
"WHO THROUGH FAITH AND PATIENCE INHERIT THE PRO-
"MISES." *St. Paul.*

YORK:

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1794.

SHORT ACCOUNT

Mrs. ELIZA ATTMORE

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

1854



Dr. C. ATTMORE, M.D., F.R.S.

THAT THE ABOVE NAMED PERSON HAS BEEN
APPOINTED TO THE CHAIR OF NATURAL HISTORY
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

1854

1854

A SHORT ACCOUNT, &c.

AS my dear wife, through extreme modesty, could never be prevailed upon to write an account of the Lord's gracious dealings with her, the following may be supposed to be but an imperfect one, as I can only relate a few circumstances, which I remember to have heard from her, in the course of the few years that the Lord blessed me with her. Her ancestors had been rather eminent for piety, among the Protestant Dissenters, for several generations; which was a circumstance she frequently mentioned with gratitude to God, and often used to plead in prayer, "Thou art the God of my forefathers." It pleased the Great Disposer of all events to deprive her of her mother when very young; but I have often heard her speak with pleasure of the many prayers and tears of her pious grandmother on her account.

The Lord began to strive with her at a very early period, though she resisted the motions of the spirit for many years. She had a very lively imagination, and as she grew up had a great turn for reading. Plays, romances, novels, history, and poetry, seemed wholly to engross her mind. She was much inclined to dress and gay company; was fond of public amusements, plays,

dancing, &c.; and, had it not been for parental restraints, she would probably have gone to much greater lengths than she did: yet at times she was very uncomfortable, and felt a want of *something* to make her happy. She was often impressed with a sense of the Lord's goodness in the privileges she enjoyed in her father's house; such as family prayer, and the reading of the scriptures. When she went to the boarding-school she was deprived of these advantages; but she frequently retired at the hour of family-prayer at home, and wept in secret before the Lord. The last time she ever attended the theatre was, I believe, when at this school, but she had not the least satisfaction there: She went contrary to the dictates of her conscience, and was filled with such horror of soul, that she was led to fear the earth would open its mouth and swallow her up; and in her way home, she imagined the very heavens frowned upon her, and shewed forth the displeasure of her Lord. This plainly discovers that the spirit of God was working upon her soul, yet she was not fully awakened till several years afterwards.

When it pleased the Lord to bring her brother to the knowledge of the truth, he frequently spoke to her upon the nature and necessity of being born again, and she as often opposed him. One time, in particular, he had been speaking to her very closely, and though she saw

and felt the propriety of all he said, such was the pride of her heart, that she would not confess it, and even resisted all his arguments as forcibly as she was able: But he had no sooner left her, than such a horrible dread overwhelmed her, that she fell prostrate upon the floor, and there lay as in an agony for a considerable time. She now began to be very serious; she broke off from her former companions; the fashionable amusements of life were imbittered to her; she saw the vanity of outward adorning, by degrees laid it aside, and dressed as she ever did after, as a woman professing godliness. She now listened to sermons as she had not been accustomed to do before; she became a diligent reader of the holy scriptures, and the Lord by his spirit discovered to her the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and gave her to feel the plague of her own heart. She often wept in secret by day, and at night watered her pillow with her tears. She received much light into the way of salvation by the preaching of the Methodists; and a sermon she heard at the Baptist chapel at Preston, by the Rev. Mr. Fawcett, from *Psal.* xliii. 5, was much blest to her soul; so that she now began to hope, and to wait for the salvation of God. The following extract from a copy of a letter which I found among her papers, will fully shew the state of her mind at this period. After cautioning her friend to beware of receiving the opinion of the people of

the world against the Methodists, she says, "I would not be thought to confine all profitable instruction to them, but this I can say, *I was conscious that all was not right with me: I had sinned against God*; consequently I had no title to happiness, his favour *here*, or to heaven *hereafter*: I went *hither* and *thither* for instruction, in order that I might find peace to my soul, and balm to my wounded mind. At length I found that the Lord visited me in mercy, and shewed me the way of salvation, through the precious blood of Christ, by the preaching of the Methodists, for which I desire to be thankful; and I believe I shall praise God to all eternity for the ministry of his word by them. I tried the same means of obtaining happiness which *you* are now engaged in, but I found (as *you* find sometimes) that all that the world could give, was in promise, or in prospect only, not in real enjoyment: it always left an aching void, and it always *will*, because it is contrary to the nature of an immortal spirit, which nothing but God himself can satisfy."

The Lord often visited her as a transient guest, and frequently drew near to her in the quickening, comforting influences of his spirit. She was at last enabled to lay hold upon the Lord Jesus by faith, and experienced redemption in his blood, the forgiveness of sins: The love of God was shed abroad in her heart, which sweetly constrained her to love him again, and unrefe-

vedly to devote herself to his service. But though she was thus happy, and walked uprightly before the Lord, yet she did not cast in her lot among his people, which she afterwards greatly lamented, as she had just cause to do. For being about this time upon a visit in a genteel family, and having a good musical voice, she was strongly solicited to sing a moral song: This she for some time refused, but being young in grace, and ignorant of the devices of Satan, she at last consented; which she had no sooner done, than a cloud interposed between her and her Lord. She no longer saw his reconciled face; she was filled with confusion, and having grieved his spirit, she went out of the room and wept bitterly*. She returned home from this visit as one shorn of her strength; her peace and joy were fled, and sorrowful nights and days were appointed unto her: for however trifling this circumstance may appear to those whose consciences

* Some persons may be led to ask, what reason there was for this distress, if she only sung a *moral* song? I answer, 1. The consciences of persons newly converted are generally very tender, sometimes perhaps to an extreme. 2. She was conscious that she did not intend the glory of God—her eye was not single, (compare *Mat.* vi. 22, 23, with *Eph.* iv. 30. *Colos.* iii. 16, 17. *1 Cor.* x. 31.) this brought *beaviness*, and then *darkness*, into her soul; and for want of looking *instantly*, as she ought to have done, to the *Propitiation for sin*, (*1 John* ii. 1, 2.) she fell into discouragement, and continued in that state for a considerable time.

are not tender, yet it cost her weeks, months, yea years, to recover what she had lost in that moment.

She now began to think seriously of joining the society, but saw herself so unworthy, that she scarce dared to propose it. However, she became united to the people called Methodists in December 1781. This proved a very great blessing to her soul; the Lord frequently visited her in mercy, and at times she experienced a degree of divine comfort; yet her doubts and fears prevailed, and it was some time before she regained a *clear* sense of the favour of God. I first became acquainted with her in September 1784; she was then earnestly seeking the pearl of great price which she had lost. I found an uncommon union of spirit with her as a Christian friend, from the first time I saw her, though I had not *then* the least idea, of our ever being more closely united.

In the spring of the year 1785, I kept a love-feast at *Blackburn*, at which she was present. It was a time that will be remembered by many with joy to all eternity: The Lord was very present, and the people rejoiced on every side. After the love-feast was ended, she came into the house where I was, and I well remember, I addressed her, by saying, "Certainly, *Miss Crane*, you have been blest to day: I hope you will *now* doubt no more?" She replied, "I bless the Lord I have found it a good time; yet not so good as I

expected." I answered, "I do wonder what you would have the Lord to do for you to convince you of his love. I am fully persuaded you are justified, and if you would believe it, you would feel the comfort of it." She was much struck with what I said, and in her way home she ruminated upon it. While she was musing the divine fire was kindled in her soul, and at last she spake with her tongue,—“God does love *me*; Jesus did die for *me*; I *do* believe, and I *will* believe.” All her doubts and fears that instant vanished; her former peace and joy returned; and she went home rejoicing in the God of her salvation: And this sense of the divine favour she never lost till her happy spirit entered into the joy of her Lord.

From the time that the Lord brought her soul into the liberty of his children, she became valiant for his truth, and was never ashamed to espouse his cause, into whatever company she came. She conversed freely with most that came in her way, whether rich or poor, upon the necessity of an union of the soul with Jesus, and the happiness resulting from it. She was naturally formed for eminence; her talents were rather remarkable, and she frequently exercised in public prayer-meetings. She had a degree of courage and firmness of mind, more common to the *other* sex, blended with all that softness and sweetness so peculiar to her *own*. Many

with whom she conversed, felt the power of the spirit by which she spoke, and were constrained to bow before her. Thus she continued for several years a pattern to all within her sphere, of piety and devotedness to God.

On Monday, February 19, 1787, she gave me her hand, and became *mine* in the closest bonds : An union for which I shall have cause to praise the Lord to all eternity. When we were married I was stationed in the city of Edinburgh : The people there received her with every mark of esteem and love; yet they were so different, in some respects, to her Christian friends in England, that for some weeks she was much discouraged : but when we removed to Glasgow, where there had been a considerable revival of religion, she regained her strength, and greatly increased it. It was there I first gave her a class of young women; an office in the church for which she was well qualified, and in the exercise of which she was made a blessing to many in Glasgow, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Alnwick, and Halifax. One who knew her well, and who was for some time under her care, writes as follows :

“I am happy to hear that you are going to write the life of my invaluable friend : It is only *you*, or those who knew her value, that are capable of doing justice to her memory. I trust it will be attended with a blessing. Her deep acquaintance with divine things, and other excellencies,

which you were fully acquainted with, will furnish matter sufficient to make her appear what she really *was*. You will not, I think, forget to mention her usefulness as a *class-leader*. Many here are ready to testify how much they have been profited by her faithful prayers; and the heavenly wisdom, which flowed from her lips, was generally attended with divine power to all our hearts. For my own part, I have always considered it a most providential circumstance, that I was put under her care in that capacity. You know how much her instructions were blest to me. A few words spoken by her, have often proved a greater blessing to my soul, and come with more power to my heart, than the best sermon I ever heard."

The prosperity of Zion lay near her heart; she truly hungered and thirsted for the salvation of souls, and, at times, travailed in birth with them, until Christ was formed in their hearts. I have often been witness to her strong cries and tears, in behalf of her unconverted relations. In a letter which she wrote to a near and dear friend, on account of one of the family, she begs his *prayer of faith*, and says, "The Lord has given *me* the spirit of prayer, of *wrestling* prayer for him, and a measure of faith, which, I think, I never experienced before. I felt power to ask his salvation for *Christ's sake*, and do yet feel power to believe, that for *Christ's sake*, the Lord

will save his soul. I feel the more confident in this matter, because I found something of the same kind impressed upon my mind on account of T. C. before he became serious. I think in general the Lord puts it into our hearts to pray, when, or before the time he intends to give the blessing. I am certain this persuasion is of God, and according to his will, because it draws my soul more powerfully to himself." She often mourned in secret over the barrenness of some places, where our lot had been cast; but whenever any fruit appeared, in whatever way, or whoever were the instruments, she shared in the joy: The people of God were her chosen companions; her delight was in the saints of the earth, and in them that excelled in virtue. She had a most unfeigned love and reverence for the ministers of the Lord Jesus: and though she esteemed the ministers among the Methodists in preference to the rest, yet she highly respected all others, of every denomination, who preached the truth as it is in Jesus. She was totally delivered from that bigotry, so common and so baneful to the professors of religion; and considered *all* who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and who did the will of her heavenly Father, as her brethren and sisters in the common Saviour. She had much love and compassion for the sick and poor; she frequently visited them in their afflictions, and, according to her ability, relieved

them : always administering some wholesome advice to their souls. She was remarkably fond of children (though, as it pleased the Lord, she had none of her own) and had a wonderful method of speaking to them, so as to gain their attention to sacred things. She often gave them little books, particularly *Janeway's Token*, and the *Instructions*; and, I believe, this was not in vain. Some will remember her pious sayings in days to come. She was a pattern of industry, and literally exemplified that rule in the large minutes of the Conference, "A preacher's wife should be always at work, either for herself, her husband, or the poor." I know no person to whom the words of our Lord to Nathaniel could be applied with greater propriety than to her, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." For, whatever weaknesses or imperfections she might have, hypocrisy, deceit, or guile, she abhorred in her very soul, and always evidenced the greatest uprightness and sincerity throughout the whole of her deportment. We were united together seven years, six months, and three days, in all which time I never had a real cross from her; nor did I ever expect to find in a *wife*, what I did not find in *her*. Her understanding was strong and clear; her judgment sound and good; her affection pure and disinterested: In short, God himself had prepared her for the sphere of life in which she was placed; and she was, in

every sense of the word, *a help-meet for me*. She was always led to pray much before the time of our removal to another circuit, that the Lord would direct and point out our way. Her submission to the will of God, and her great disinterestedness in this matter, will fully appear from the following extract of a letter which she wrote to me at the Conference in 1790.

“ At present, I feel my mind given up to the Divine will, with respect to our appointment for the ensuing year. I wish you, my dear, to be sent where you will be most useful; for, I believe, we shall be most happy there. I would not, the Lord knows, stand in the way, or hinder the conversion of *one* soul, for any temporal convenience or enjoyment whatever. No, my dear, we have set out to do the Lord's work in *his own* way, and we must not start back, or choose *our own* way or place. Let us endeavour to be faithful, and we shall find that he will be (as glory be to his name he has ever been) a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. He will divide all our difficulties for us, and will supply all our wants.”

Her coming to Halifax she esteemed an answer to prayer, as she had earnestly intreated the Lord to bring her among a lively people, and it proved a very great blessing to her. She truly rejoiced in the late revival of the work of God, and was a happy sharer of it in her own soul: Indeed it

was evident to all who were familiar with her, that the Lord was deepening his work in her heart, and daily preparing and ripening her for that glory into which she was so soon to enter. A few days before she was confined to her room, she said to an intimate friend, "Our time here will not be long;—will you unite with me, and let us both devote ourselves *more fully* to the Lord? For my own part, I am determined to live to *him alone*." She had laboured, at times, for several years, under that painful disorder, the *gravel*, which terminated in the *stone*; but, though she was frequently exercised with strong pain, she was always patient, and calmly resigned to the will of God. I have reason to conclude that she had serious thoughts of her dissolution being near, for several weeks before her death; though, out of tenderness, she never acknowledged it to me.

One day she was standing at her room window, which looks into the burying-ground, and observing the man preparing to dig a grave, she said to the servant with a smile, "Sally! Stephen is taking away *my grave*; I purposed to be laid in that place *myself**!" The servant replied, "I hope you will not die here." She answered, "Yes, Sally, I shall die in *Halifax*!"

* It was the next grave to one whom she dearly loved, and she desired that I would bury her as near to that person as possible.

I set out for the Conference at Bristol on Wednesday, July 16, but I never had such a parting with her before. I was very desirous to have staid with her, and would have sent my dear fellow-labourer in my room, (though I had not then the most distant idea of her being dangerous) but she would not consent. She said, "You are going, my dear, upon the Lord's work, and he will be with me in the time of your absence." She grew worse all the time I was away, though she neither informed me of it herself, nor would she permit any one else to do it, for fear of occasioning me pain. Her last letter to me (part of which she wrote in bed) dated July 31, has not a syllable in it which would give the least intimation, that she was any worse than when I left her: She says, "I am much obliged to you, my dear, for proposing to come home, but I am quite satisfied that you are in the way of duty; therefore I can give you up for the time, with resignation to the Lord, who, I am fully persuaded, does all things well. I bless his name I do find that he frequently sweetens my cup with his precious love, and has, at times, enabled me to rejoice in the fire. I believe that this affliction will work for his glory, and the furtherance of my soul in conformity to his image. I can say this is what I long for; I do already feel its softening influences, through the gracious operations of his spirit, and I hope to

praise him for it for ever!" This letter clearly shews the happy and resigned state of her mind.

I returned to Halifax on Wednesday, August 13, in full expectation of finding her, in a good measure, recovered; but, alas! to my great sorrow, I found her confined to her room, in bed, and so weak that she could not speak to me for some time. When I went to the bedside, and she observed my distress, she tenderly said, "My dear love, it is the Lord, it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good!" After a little pause she said, "The will of the Lord be done"—which she repeated twice: Indeed it was now her meat and drink to *suffer* the will of her heavenly Father, as it had been in her health to *do* it. I particularly observed, that, in all my prayers with her, when I prayed for her recovery, (which I was led earnestly to do, even with strong cries and tears) unless I prayed with *entire* submission to the will of God, she never said *Amen*. One time perceiving me in great distress, she said, "My dear, I am afraid that I shall grieve you, and that you will think me unkind; but I am so fully satisfied that the Lord doth all things well, that I can only say, as I have said before, "His will be done."

On Wednesday, August 20, she seemed much better, and I began to hope that the bitterness of death was past; especially as the physician who attended her assured me she was in no danger.

I left her that evening at six o'clock, to go into the country to preach, and returned at ten, hoping to find her much better than I left her; but, while I was away, the complaint returned, and I found her in an agony of pain, yet perfectly calm in her mind, and sweetly resting in the will of God. The pain continued very severe all night, and a considerable part of the next day; but she bore it with invincible patience, and not a complaining word dropped from her lips. Jesus was with her in the furnace; she even rejoiced and triumphed in his love. She said once to me, when in extreme pain, "My dear, it will soon be over; misery I shall soon exchange for bliss." Satan was constrained to keep an awful distance; he was not permitted to touch, nor in the least to molest her.

"Not a cloud did arise,
"To darken the skies,
"Or hide for a moment,
"Her Lord from her eyes."

The only thing which seemed to give her the least degree of pain was, she plainly discovered an unwillingness in me to give her up, and several times she tenderly said, "My dear love, do give me up—do give me up—I am the Lord's—he has a right to me—do let him take me." After a very severe conflict in my own mind, I found that I must resign this precious gift to HIM

who gave it, and I painfully said, "The will of the Lord be done." When I told her that I had yielded her up into the Lord's hands, it seemed for a few moments to revive her; she lifted up her hands and exclaimed, "Glory be to God! glory be to God!" She then said, "I bless the Lord, my dear, for my union with thee, and I shall praise God for it to all eternity. Never were two persons more happy in each other than we have been; we have improved our union, though not as we might have done; but the Lord forgives *all*, and that among the rest."

A little after, as I sat by the bedside, she looked with earnestness at me, and said, "The Lord will bless thee, my dear, when I am gone. I know he loves thee, and he will provide for thee. Thy maker is thy husband—thy maker—thy maker—thy maker—(O what a word is that!)—'thy maker is thy husband; the Lord of Hosts is his name.' He will be better to thee, my dear, than every relation in life." After a little pause she again addressed me and said, "My dear love, if I am permitted, I will be thy *guardian*; I will watch over thee, and will wait and long for thy arrival on the blessed shore—I will welcome thee there, and *then* we shall part no more for ever!"

She then spoke to me (as we were alone) upon the circumstances of her funeral, and several other things of a private nature, with as great sensibility and recollection of mind, as I ever re-

member to have heard her in all my life. She called two or three times for Mr. Lomas to pray with her, and sealed his petitions with a hearty *Amen*. The last time we rose from our knees, she said, "O, Jesus is precious! Do say something of him; he is altogether lovely!"

About ten o'clock she took an affectionate leave of her dear father, and thanked him for all his care and concern for her in her infancy and childhood, and for the restraints he had laid upon her in the days of her youth and vanity.

For several hours before her exit, the clammy sweats of Death covered her, and the extremities of her body felt his cold hand. Her hands which were very cold, I kept clasped in mine for a considerable time, and once I said, "My dear, I fear these hands will never be warm again." She answered with a smile, "It matters not, it will soon be over, and I shall enter into the joy of my Lord."

About twelve o'clock it was evident that the time of her departure drew near. As I wished to know if she were still sensible, I leaned over the bed and asked, "My dear, do you know me?" She instantly turned her head, and, with a smile, said, "*Know* you, my dearest, yes!" She then lay quite composed, as upon the bosom of her Lord. A few minutes before her departure, the nurse heard her say with a low voice, MY GOD! MY GOD! JESUS! These were her last words,

and without the least struggle, sigh, or groan, she breathed her happy spirit into HIS hands who had redeemed her to God with HIS own blood, on Friday morning, at half past twelve o'clock, August 22, 1794.

“ Hark ! she bids us all adieu,
 “ Some angel calls her to the spheres ;
 “ Our eyes the radiant saint pursue,
 “ Through liquid telescopes of tears.
 “ Farewel, bright soul ! a short farewel,
 “ Till we shall meet again above,
 “ In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,
 “ And trees of life bear fruits of love.

She was interred on the Sunday following in the Methodist chapel-yard at Halifax, amidst the tears of her dear relations and Christian friends. Her funeral sermon was preached in the evening, to a crowded, weeping audience, from *Psal.* cxix. 75, 76, by my invaluable and faithful friend Mr. Pawson, who came from Liverpool to comfort me under this heavy trial. A short time after another sermon was preached for her, by my dear friend and brother Mr. Lomas, from *John* i. 47. “ Behold an Israelite indeed,” &c.

THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED.—

SOLOMON.

THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL BE IN EVERLASTING
 REMEMBRANCE. DAVID.

THE INSCRIPTION UPON HER TOMB.

SACRED
 TO THE MEMORY OF
 ELIZA,
 THE WIFE OF
 CHARLES ATMORE,
 V. D. M.
 WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE,
 AUGUST 22, 1794,
 ÆTAT. 37.

Of humble spirit, though of taste refin'd,
 Her feelings tender, yet her will resign'd;
 Call'd by affliction ev'ry grace to prove,
 In patience perfect, and complete in love;
 O'er death victorious, through her Saviour's might
 She reigns, triumphant with the saints in light.

Most of the following letters were written to her sister, Mrs. Emett, or to me. She was no great *letter-writer*; which proceeded from her extreme diffidence, and a natural aversion she had to writing. I have known her frequently neglect to write to those whom she much loved, and whose correspondence she esteemed a privilege, from an imaginary consciousness of her inability to do it, in a manner pleasing to herself, or profitable to them. But the subjoined, as well as

the extracts already given, will shew that she was not altogether unqualified for this work. The candid, pious reader, will, I think, discover in them a tolerable degree of good sense, and a spirit of unaffected piety breathing through the whole. As they were never intended by *her* to appear in public, they were written in a plain, friendly, unadorned style; and, as I did not choose to make any material alteration in them, I present them *as they are* to the candour of her numerous friends; many of whom, I doubt not, will behold her features in them, and perceive that, "SHE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

LETTERS.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR SISTER,

TADCASTER, Oct. 18, 1785.

We had a love-feast here on Sunday, held by Mr. Mather. It was a good time to many. I find that the Lord is the same faithful God in every place, and this strengthens my confidence in him. I think my soul is more encouraged, but I want a more constant mind, a heart more established, and a stronger faith. I see there is all I want in Jesus, and that he is *my* saviour and *my* helper. O, my dear sister, simply cast your-

self upon him! I know he will not send you away empty. Be determined to have him for *yourself*. Think of him not as coming to save the world in general, but as if there were none but yourself in it. I know that you miss it here. Oh, why should you starve, when there is such rich provision made, so plentiful a table spread! I see more and more into the sinfulness of unbelief. O how it grieves and dishonours God! How justly might he arise in his wrath and and swear, "Ye shall not enter into my rest!"

I am, yours,

E. C.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR SISTER,

LEEDS, Oct. 29, 1785.

We stayed at Tadcaster on our return from York more than a week. I found it good to be there, for the Lord was with us. We had meetings of one sort or other, every night in the week. On Wednesday, at Mr. Holmes's; I never found so much of the power and presence of the Lord before. He was pleased powerfully to awaken one young man, who cried out and wept most bitterly. I pray the Lord to look upon him in mercy! I could rejoice in the prosperity of his people. I felt a sweet taste of the communion of saints, and did rejoice that the Lord should look upon one so unworthy as I feel myself to be. Well might the poet say, "What hath the world to equal this!"

We had two sweet sermons from good old Mr. Robertshaw, who is almost worn out in body, but his soul is on the wing to obtain the crown of victory! O my dear sister, let us be in earnest, and give our hearts to the Lord. He requires no more, nor will he accept of any less. Never let us part with our simplicity. Let us keep a single eye to him, and he will be our guide. Present my kind love to all friends, and pray for your affectionate sister.

E. C.

LETTER III.

PRESTON, Sept. 27, 1786.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am glad to find that the Lord gives his blessing to your labours. Go on, and may you prosper; lay yourself out to be useful, and O, may your *common* conversation preach! The Lord has given you, my dear friend, an easy access to the affections of the people; let this be improved to the glory of God, and the good of their souls. You wish me to say something that will do you good. It would give me pleasure if I could, and, I think you will rejoice with me in the goodness of the Lord to my soul. He hath caused me to triumph in him to-night. He hath abundantly renewed my strength, in waiting upon him. My soul hath been in a languid situation for some time past, through temptation to unbelief; but I bless the Lord, he enables me to encourage myself in him, that he will keep my feet from falling. I often

suffer loss by forgetting the goodness of God to me, in times past: If I oftener set myself to remember his past mercies, it would increase my faith in him. And now, my dear friend, I commend you to God, and beg a continuance of your prayers—I need them, and I believe the Lord *bears, and does, and will* answer them, through our gracious Redeemer, in whom, I am

Yours affectionately,

E. C.

LETTER IV.

PRESTON, Nov. 17, 1786.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I bless the Lord, that my trust is in him, and as my day is, I believe my strength will be. I say *amen* to your prayer, that our correspondence may be sanctified to us, and that we may be blest to each other, though at such a distance. How must this be, but by plainness and freedom? Then let me warn you, my dear friend, with the tenderest affection, to watch against a snare I have often feared was laid for you; I mean, the praises and caresses of the people. I do not know that they have hurt you—they may have strengthened your hands; but do you always bring them as a sacrifice to the feet of Jesus, who alone is worthy! I know a little of the deceitfulness of the human heart, and the cunning of the enemy in this respect, which makes me use this freedom with you. I bless the Lord on your account, that his work prospers in your hands; that you are happy in your own soul, and enjoy a good state of health.

I have been much indisposed by a severe cold for a week, but I always find that the Lord is kind in his chastisements; they constantly work for my good. I hope you will write to me with the same freedom I have done to you. Warn me, reprove me, exhort me, as you see I need. Do not flatter me. I wish I did bear the image of my Lord, but I would press after it! I am, in the purest affection, yours,
E. C.

LETTER V.

EDINBURGH, March 12, 1787.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER,

Through the goodness of God, I was wonderfully supported on my journey. you wish me to say, how I like my new *station* and *situation*. As I have reason to believe, that my dear partner and I were brought together by the Lord, who delighteth in the happiness of his creatures, I do find that I enjoy a great measure of comfort in him. Our union increases daily. Help us, my dear sister, by your prayers, to improve the goodness and the loving-kindness of the Lord towards us, to his glory, and our mutual improvement and growth in grace. As to our situation it is very comfortable. I hope that you, my dear sister, are casting yourself and all your concerns upon that God, who has, through all your life, cared for you. O, my dear sister, I am often pained when I think of your standing out so long, when the blessed Jesus so kindly invites you to himself, and

promises to give you *rest*. Tarry no longer; you never will be more fit in yourself. He hath given you to see your need of him; he draws you by his love; now determine the very next time that you find your heart softened by his grace, that you *will* believe. He does it, that he may enter in. O, my dear, why do you shut yourself out, since he hath opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers! I beg an interest in your prayers, and am, your affectionate sister, E. A.

LETTER VI.

EDINBURGH, May 16, 1787.

MY DEAR SISTER,

It seems most probable that we shall stay here another year; but I have learned by the grace of God, that our happiness does not depend upon *persons, places, or things*; that *his presence* makes every thing easy. I bless his name, I do find him a present help in the time of trouble; and, I trust, he will still enable me to look unto him, that I may be saved! The Lord blesses me and my dear partner with one heart, and I hope our union will still increase. I beg you will continue to pray for us. I feel you, my dear sister, very near and dear to me. O, encourage yourself in God, and he will strengthen your heart! Are you pressing with all your might after a *sense of pardon*? I would advise you, my dear, to get a sight of your privilege, and keep it in view. You know that the Lord has promised to give the knowledge of

salvation to his people, by the remission of sins. plead then his promise, and continue so to do, holding it fast, till he does accomplish it in your heart. Faithful is HE that hath promised, who also will do it. O, believe his word! Remember the importunate widow; though he seem to tarry, wait for him; for in the end, he will speak for himself. You know, my dear sister, 'the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.' The God of *love* never made promises to mock us, but that we may be partakers, and possessors of them. If he did not intend that we should have them, he would not have opened our eyes to see them, nor given us desires after them. Consider this duly, and when the Lord visits your soul, take hold of the least encouragement he gives, and receive it as a pledge of his willingness to give you *himself*:

I am yours, in tenderest love, E. A.

LETTER VII.

GLASGOW, April 10, 1788.

MY DEAR SISTER,

The Lord is prospering his work here greatly. I beg an interest in your prayers, for I have twenty souls, chiefly young women, committed to my care. They have most of them joined the society since we came to this place; three have lately found a sense of pardon, and several are really in earnest for it. I feel this is an important charge, nevertheless, the Lord blesses my soul amongst

them, and meets with us whenever we assemble together. I was deeply affected with what you said in your last, of your *burthen of unbelief*, and that you know not how to get rid of it. Why, my dear sister, you can only get rid of it by taking the Lord at his word. He says, if *thou* canst believe, *thou* shalt see the salvation of God! Now, what are you called to believe? Why, that Jesus died for *you*; and did he not? Is *your* name *alone* excepted in the book of God? O, no! 'Whosoever cometh to him, he will in *no wise* cast out.' O, stop *now*, and lift up your heart; *now* cast yourself upon his faithful word, and rest there, till he answer for himself. If he do not give you joy or transport, yet, still plead that you are *his*, and beg of him to give you the earnest of his spirit in your heart. Persevere in so doing, and I am sure, he will not be long before he will speak peace, and will silence all your doubts. Now *try this*, my dear sister; God is a faithful God, Jesus's heart is full of love, and he delights in the happiness of his people: therefore fear not. You cannot make yourself a whit better, but you will grow worse and worse by staying from him. Give my dear love to all friends, and believe me,

Yours very affectionately,

E. A.

LETTER VIII.

DEAR SISTER,

COLNE, Dec. —, 1788.

According to all your accounts, I think there is little hope of our dear Betty's recovery *. She is often upon my mind, and I can pray very fervently, and frequently in faith, that the Lord would reveal his love to her soul, though she be so young. I would have you, my dear sister, to tell her very often of the love of Jesus! I believe you, when you say, "It is a heavy affliction;" but, my dear, I trust it will be a sanctified one to you both, and that your strength will be proportioned to your day. The Lord intends by these afflictive providences, to wean us more and more from all our earthly enjoyments, that we may find our *fixed* happiness in himself alone. For my own part, I find I have a heart too apt to cleave to earth and the creature. I am often fearful lest the Lord (who is a jealous God) should wound me in some tender part; but I would not harbour an idol in my heart. O, may the Lord destroy all his enemies, and reign supreme in my affections! *Amen.*

I am your affectionate sister,

E. A.

LETTER IX.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, Oct. 15, 1789.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I hope by this time, you find yourself in a good measure reconciled to the long-expected stroke of

* A child of Mrs. Emett's.

Divine Wisdom*. I have no doubt but that it is in mercy, that the Lord hath taken her away. It often rejoiced my heart when she was with us at Colne, to find that a fear of offending God was so deeply rooted in her tender mind, and that she possessed so inquisitive a spirit concerning divine things. I have no doubt (if we be faithful to the grace of God) of our meeting her, where sickness and sorrow can never enter. O, that we may more frequently realize, by contemplative faith, that blessed state! It will be a great mean of weaning us from the world, and from the love of life; of drawing our souls to a closer union with the inhabitants of that glorious world, and filling our hearts with an ardent, longing desire, to be *made meet* to be partakers of that inheritance with the saints in light. For my own part, when I get a glimpse of it by an eye of faith, I feel a strong, ardent desire to be more and more transformed into the image of my Lord, that I may enjoy him more fully here, and in that blessed state for ever! May you, my dear sister, and your dear partner follow on to know the Lord and love him, till you are brought to enjoy him for ever and ever. *Amen, Amen.* I am your very affectionate sister, E. A.

LETTER X.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, July 12, 1790.

MY DEAR, DEAR LOVE,

It gave me great pleasure to hear from you so soon, and especially to hear that you were so com-

* The death of the child mentioned before.

fortable. I trust the Lord continues to journey with you. We, my dear, have so frequently experienced the goodness of the Lord to us, in journeying mercies, that I think we should greatly dishonour him, by distrusting him now. I bless his name, I do feel a confidence in him, that he will preserve and bless you, and, I think, I feel this separation a mean of my closer union with himself. O, that it may increase daily! When I consider my obligations to him, for all his spiritual mercies in Christ, and for all my temporal blessings; especially, for *thee*, my dear, my greatest, dearest earthly comfort, my soul lies at his feet *insolvent*: I can never repay him for his goodness. He blesses, because he *will* bless! Join me, and help me, my dear love, to praise his gracious name. May the Lord bless and prosper you on your way. May he bring you in due time to me again in peace, that we may praise his name together! *Amen, Amen.*

I am truly your own,

E. A.

LETTER XI.

NAFFERTON, Oct. —, 1790,

MY DEAR LOVE,

I had the pleasure to hear by *Mr. Bierley*, that you got well home on Saturday. I thought it would afford you pleasure to hear from me, especially as I can, through mercy, say that I am very well, and very comfortable among my dear, kind friends. After the preaching on Sunday morning, I was strongly solicited to meet the class,

and, at last, I took up my cross, though with much fear. There appear to be several among them, who are resting in, or who at least, have been long in an awakened state, but have not obtained *justifying faith*. They seem to need stirring up to seek this earnestly. I do feel, that it is my earnest desire to do, my dear young friends, all the good in my power; but I am sensible that I shall not be able, unless the Lord lay to his hand. I hope, my dear, you interest yourself in their welfare, and pray for a blessing on our endeavours to do them good. O, my dear love, let us be more and more given up to God, and live a life of *inward* devotedness to him! Let us subject our hearts to his will, and endeavour to square our lives and tempers, by our blessed pattern! This will bring inward peace amidst outward storms. I bless the Lord, he still invites and sweetly draws me after himself. I am, my dear love, thy own affectionate,

E. A.

LETTER XII.

HALIFAX, July 21, 1794.

MY DEAR LOVE,

I hope that this, through the mercy of God, will find you safely arrived at Bristol. I know you will be anxious to hear how I am in health. The day that you left me, I had a very severe fit of pain, which brought me very low. I was a little easier the latter end of the week, but I cannot say that I find myself much better, as the spasms in my side distress me much; yet, when

I lie down, I am tolerably easy, and, in general, I sleep pretty well, for which I would be very thankful. I bless the Lord, though I feel myself very weak, yet I find a degree of resignation to his will, and a freedom from anxiety of mind. I hope, my dear, that the Lord keeps your mind in peace, and enables you to say, "The will of the Lord be done." I beg that you will pray that the design of this affliction may be answered! *Amen*. I pray the Lord to preside over you when assembled in conference. May he give you the wisdom from above, and send his spirit amongst you, to baptize you all afresh. May HE direct you in *all things*. I am, my dear love, your truly affectionate,
E. A.

LETTER XIII.

HALIFAX, July 30, 1794.

MY DEAR LOVE,

I received yours on Sunday last, and join you in thankfulness to the Lord for his goodness towards you and your friend, in giving you a safe and comfortable journey. I should have wrote to you before, but I was in a good deal of pain, and could not do it well without too much fatigue; therefore I know you will excuse it. I am, thro' mercy, easier to-day, than I have been for some time, and have had a pretty comfortable night. I am much obliged to you, my dear, for proposing to come home, but I am quite satisfied that you are in the way of duty; therefore I can give you up for the time, with resignation to the Lord,

who, I am fully persuaded, does all things well. Blessed his name, I do find that he frequently sweetens my cup with his precious love, and has, at times, enabled me to rejoice in the fire. I believe that this affliction will work for his glory, and the furtherance of my soul in conformity to his image. I can truly say, this is what I long for, and I do already feel its softening influences, through the gracious operations of his Spirit, and I hope to praise him for it for ever!

July 31st.—(Written, I believe, in bed.)—I did not get my letter finished yesterday, and it was well, as it happens, that I did not, for I am just favoured with yours, and am glad to hear that you are still in health. I am very happy in the prospect of things being as you hint with regard to stations. I shall expect another letter on the receipt of this. I hope you will excuse my writing more at present. I beg a continuance of your prayers, and sincerely commend you to the God of all grace. May he still preside over you, and bless you, prays, my dear love,

Your very affectionate,

E.A.

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THE END.